



[filtered] This would be easier if I were twenty.



trollcatz
 [trollcatz](#)

<https://trollcatz.livejournal.com/>
2008-07-18 21:03:00

If I were twenty, this would be about love, romance, playing dress-up, learning more about my in-laws than I wanted to, panicking over trivialities, forgetting to order the cake, somebody's uncle getting embarrassingly drunk at the reception, discovering that my mother-in-law's best friend is obsessed with some bizarre tradition about symbolically kidnapping the bride, wondering if I should have rented a limousine, and finding that the photographer didn't get a single good picture of my dad.

But I'm not twenty. So this is about politics.

Historically, weddings have been about politics. For a while there, though, at least for people who didn't run countries or hold million-dollar interests in multinational corporations, we got them around to where they were pretty much about two people, and love, and maybe children, and definitely the decision to file jointly.

But weddings are about marriages. And any marriage now, no matter who's marrying whom, is a political act, because of who can marry and who can't, where they can marry, where they're suddenly un-married if they cross a state line, and whether the votes of a few hundred strangers can un-marry them without their say-so.

Once it was illegal for a person whose genes came entirely from Europe to marry someone who had Asian genes, or African ones--and wouldn't those people have been shocked to learn that *all* our genes came from Africa? This is how it was for those couples; they might find a haven where they could commit to each other, have sex, worry together about paying the bills, argue over how many acres to plant that year, smile at each other across the dinner table. Outside that haven, all bets were off.

T. and I are going to get as legally bound to each other as we can be in the District of Columbia. Socially, we can only be as bound as people around us are willing to acknowledge. But the downstairs neighbors--male and female--have a bond that's

recognized legally in every state, by the federal government, and, through reciprocity, in other countries. Socially, all they have to say is, "We're married," for their relationship to be recognized and respected by whoever they talk to, no matter where they go.

Getting married is a political act. It's lovely and giddy...and grave, and deeply significant. Those of you who *can* marry, do it with the solemn awareness that you're allowed a place in the world that other people are barred from. We're happy to see you there, and hope you treat it with care. Because one day we want to be there, too.

* * *

It was a lovely engagement party. Dad brought four bottles of wine that I've seen the price of in the store and wondered if I would ever drink anything that cost that much per ounce. (And yes, it really was that good.) When the Cowboy came in the door, T. gave him a big, strong hug as if he were her long-absent brother (how does she know to do these things? Can I learn?), and I saw that hard, sad bit inside dissolve, at least for one night. Mom explained that she and Ben eloped because her high school best friend had had a nice Jewish wedding, complete with carrying the bride and groom around the dance floor on chairs, and her best friend got dropped and broke her wrist on her wedding day, which convinced Mom that weddings were dangerous. Wonder Woman said, "If I'd had as much sense about who to marry as you do, I'd still be married." Duke, passing by, chimed in, "I knew who *not* to marry; does that count?"

Wabbit--I know, sis. And you are the bravest of all the brave critters. If not doing it would make things better for you, I would not do it. But you made sure to tell me that would be stupid. Whether it would be or not, thank you.

Platypus, wurds r lame. I don't have any good enough. You make me strong and smart just by expecting me to be. You never complained when I dogged on the rope. I'm here whenever you need to pause for breath.

TAGS: [hitching.post](#)



Thank you

This is Patricia Andreoli, wife of Daphne Worth, who you all knew as Trollcatz. Daphne died

...And there goes the weekend

But hey, we got a day and a half of this one! And I got to sleep in for two whole mornings. Too bad

As a law enforcement professional--

5 comments



saeba

July 19 2008, 05:59:44 UTC

COLLAPSE

In my lifetime it was illegal for my parents to be married in some parts of this country. There were places the military stationed us where living off-base was not an option, because my father is Not White.

Humans. Sheesh. If we could harness the power of Stupid we could solve the energy crisis.

Love is a wonder and should be cherished and honored. I'm glad it was a lovely engagement party.

If you guys were twenty I'd look at the list where you were registered and send you something like a toast rack. But you aren't twenty and setting up a new household. So instead, point me at your favorite couple of marriage equality organizations and I'll send them a donation in your honor. (srsly.)



trollcatz

July 19 2008, 16:20:46 UTC

COLLAPSE

This idea is so full of awesome that I, you know, implemented it. rAwk!



dichroic

July 19 2008, 07:19:36 UTC

COLLAPSE

What a nice idea. I did just throw a chunk of money at Equality for All, for bids I'd won in the Live Long and Marry auction. I sent them some extra, just to make it a nice round even number :-) I am hereby dedicating that extra to you two.



trollcatz

July 19 2008, 16:21:26 UTC

COLLAPSE

Yaaayyyy--that's our very first wedding present! I'm honored.

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trollcatz

July 19 2008, 16:27:51 UTC

COLLAPSE

I don't object to folks like Senator McCain toggling their married status on and off; to err is human, and legal divorce has saved a lot of misery (and sometimes, lives. o.O). I do object when those same people think they can dissolve other people's marriages without their consent.